



# THE CITIZEN.

T.G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, : : : KENTUCKY

APRIL—1900.

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Lucebent, the murderer of Empress Elizabeth, is again in solitary confinement. He tried to stab the superintendent of the prison where he is confined with a sharp instrument he had made out of a can opener. The reason for the attack was the refusal of unusual privileges.

Hawaiians call their chief islands Hahwy-ee; we say Hah-wy-ee. Other proper ways of giving well known Hawaiian names are: Oahu-hu, Honolulu, Mow-ee (Muni), Kow-aye (Kauai), Nee-how (Nihoa), Hee-do (Hilo), Lashy-na (Lahaina), Koh-hah-la (Kohala). Vowels are as in Italian, and deserves much care; Hawaiians pay little attention to consonants.

The colonization season has opened promisingly in the south, and industrial agents say the year will be a record breaker for immigration. Many new mills and factories are being located along the lines of southern railroads, and new industries are constantly developing. Large colonies are also coming south, and thousands of people are taking advantage of the home seekers' excursion.

A change in the quality of straw hats for the Cuban and Porto Rican trade is reported by dealers this season. The goods are to be mostly of bright striking colors. Two years ago hats of this character were rarely seen in Cuba, all the women wearing black hats, either for personal mourning or as an evidence of sorrow over Spanish rule. The change in fashions indicate the happier conditions which prevail in the island.

The women of Marmaton, Kan., five miles west of Ft. Scott, have organized themselves into a band of laborers for the building of the United Brethren church there. Twelve of them donned old clothes the other day and began the work of excavating for the foundations. Enough money to build the church could not be raised, so the women determined to take up the work and do it themselves rather than let the project be abandoned.

Gen. Edward Moody McCook, who has been compelled to seek a refuge in the soldiers' home at Yountville, Cal., belongs to the historic "fighting McCooks," almost a score of whom have been military men of renown. The general is the son of the late John McCook, and was born at Steubenville, O., in 1835. He was the fifth and seventh governor of Colorado, and was active in the territorial legislature of Kansas at the time when the state of Kansas was formed.

Italy's sanitary precautions are interfering with the jubilee pilgrimages. A train load of 361 Marseilles pilgrims was stopped at the frontier and informed that every one must be vaccinated before entering Italy. The pilgrims refused to submit, and were sent back to Marseilles. The government officials declare that the measure is due to the prevalence of smallpox in Southern France, but the clerics maintain that it is devised solely to annoy intending visitors to Rome.

Few rich men work harder than John H. Rockefeller, the Standard oil tycoon, and certainly no other New York millionaire is personally so little in evidence as he. Nearly every day he puts in a lengthy period at his office in lower Broadway, and even the days he is absent are usually passed in business pursuits elsewhere. There is, therefore, color of truth in the report that he recently signed for a man to look after his interests, offering to pay an annual salary of \$1,000,000 for such service.

The first shipment of steel ever made from the south to the north left Birmingham the other day when a train of 21 cars, carrying 462 tons of steel billets, departed over the Southern railway for Worcester, Mass. The steel was made at the new million-dollar plant of the Alabama Steel and Ship Building Co., at Ensley, which began operations in January last, and was consigned to the American Steel and Wire Co. It will be used in the manufacture of wire.

A German authority has recently announced the discovery of a tree in the forests of Central India which has most curious characteristics. The leaves of the tree are of a highly sensitive nature, and so full of electricity that whoever touches one of them receives an electric shock. It has a very singular effect upon a magnetic needle, and will influence it at a distance of even 70 feet. The electrical strength of the tree varies according to the time of day, it being strongest at midday and weakest at midnight in wet weather its powers disappear.

## WE MUST GROW OLD.

We must grow old! The years go by. Sometimes on wings they seem to fly; But why such haste? We know not why! We only know that we grow old!

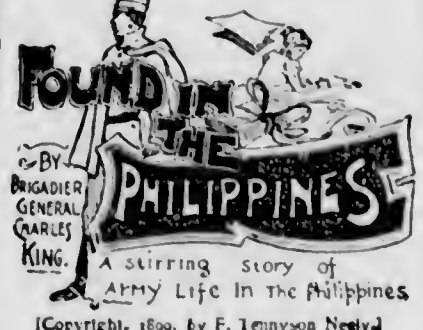
Sometimes, alas! the years they go As if with leaden feet, so slow. We faint from pain. We cannot know Wherefore or why, but we grow old!

Each vanished year its own sad tale Of disappointment, woe and pain. Adds to the score, until we fall, Since we grow old! We must grow old!

The broken links of life's short chain Can never find their place again; The heart will bleed when pierced with pain.

When loved ones die, and we grow old, Into the dark unknown we take. The hopes, the joys, the dreams, the pain, Pure as the mountain's snowy peak, Where all is well—when we are old.

—Timothy Thomas Fortune, in N. Y. Sun.



A stirring story of Army life in the Philippines. (Copyright, 1899, by F. Tennyson Neely.)

### CHAPTER VI.

The great thoroughfare of that wonderful city, seated on more than her seven hills, and ruling the western world, was thronged from curb to curb. Gay with bunting and streamers, the tall buildings of the rival newspapers and the long facades of hotels and business blocks were gayer still with the life and color and enthusiasm that crowded every window. Street traffic was blocked. Cable cars clanged vainly and the police strove valiantly.

It was a day given up to but one duty and one purpose, that of giving Godspeed to the soldiery ordered for service in the distant Philippines, and, though they hailed from almost every section of the union, except the Pacific slope, as though they were her own children, with all the hope and faith and pride and patriotism, with all the blessings and comforts with which she had loaded the foremost ships that sailed, yet happily without the tears that flowed when her own gallant regiment was turned out en masse to cheer the men from far beyond the Sierras and the Rockies, and to see them proudly through the Golden Gate. Early in the day the guns of a famous light battery had been trundled, decked like some rose-covered chariot at the summer festival of flowers, through the winding lanes of eager forms and faces, the cannoners almost dragged from the ranks by the clasping hands of men and women who seemed powerless to let go. With their little brown carriages tossed jauntily over the broad blue shoulders, half a regiment of regular cavalry dismounted, had gone trudging down to the docks, cheered to the gateway of the pier by thousands of citizens who seemed to envy the very recruits who, only half-uniformed and drilled, brought up the rear of the column. Once within the massive wooden portals, the guards and sentries holding back the importunate crowd, the soldiers flung aside their heavy packs, and were marshalled before an array of tempting tables and there feasted, comforted and rejoiced under the ministrations of that marvelous successor of the sanitary commission of the great civil war of the sixties—the order of the Red Cross. There at those tables in the dust and din of the bustling piers, in the soot and heat of the railway station, in the jam and turmoil at the ferry houses, in the fog and chill of the seaward camps, in the fever-haunted wards of crowded field hospitals, from dawn till dark, from dark till dawn, toiled week after week devoted women in every grade of life, the wife of the millionaire, the daughter of the day laborer, the gentle born, the delicately reared, the social pets and darlings, the humble seamstress, no one too high to stoop to aid the departing soldier, none too poor or low to deny him cheer and sympathy. The war was still young then. Spain had not lowered her riddled standard and sned for peace. Two great fleets had been swept from the seas, the guns of Santiago were silenced, and the stronghold of the orient was sulking in the shadow of the flag, but there was still soldier work to be done, and so long as the nation sent its fighting men through her broad and beautiful gates San Francisco and the Red Cross stood by with eager, lavish hands to heap upon the warrior sons of a score of other states, even as upon their own, every cheer and comfort that wealth could purchase, or human sympathy devise. It was the one feature of the war days of '98 that will never be forgotten.

At one of the flower-decked tables near the great "stage" that led to the main deck of the transport, a group of blithe young matrons and pretty girls had been busily serving fruit, coffee and bouillon and substantial to the troops, man after man, for over two hours. There was lively chat and merry war of words going on at the moment between half a dozen young officers who had had their eyes on that particular table ever since the coming of the command, and were now making the most of their opportunities before the trumpets should sound the assembly and the word be passed to move aboard. All the heavy baggage and ammunition had, at last, been swung into the hold; the guns of the battery had been lowered and securely chocked; the forecastle head was thronged with the red trimmed uniforms of the artillerymen, who had already been embarked and were now jealously clamoring that the troops should be "shut off" from the further

ministrations of the Red Cross, and broadly intimating that it wasn't a fair deal that their rivals should be allowed a whole additional hour of lingering farewells.

Lingering farewells there certainly were. Many a young soldier and many a lass "paired off" in little nooks and corners among the stacks of bales and boxes, but at the table nearest the staging all seemed gay good humor. A merry little woman with straw-colored hair and pert, tip-tilted nose and much vivacity, and complexion, had apparently taken the lead in the warfare of chaff and fun. Evidently she was no stranger to most of the officers. Almost as evidently, to a very close observer who stood a few paces away, she was no intimate of the group of women who with good right regarded that table as their especial and personal charge. Her Red Cross badge was very new; her garb and gloves were just as fresh and spotless. She had not been ladling out milk and cream, or buttering sandwiches, or pinning souvenirs on dusty blue blouses ever since early morning. Other faces there shined through all their smiles and sweetness the traces of long days of unaccustomed work and short nights of troubled sleep. Marvellous were Mrs. Frank Garrison's recuperative powers, thought they who saw her brought home in the Primes' stylish carriage, weak and helpless and shaken after her adventure of the previous day. She had not been at the Presidio a week and yet she pervaded it. She had never thought of such a thing as the Red Cross until she found it the center of the social firmament after her arrival at San Francisco, and here she was, the last comer, the foremost ("most forward") I think some one described it) in their circle at one of the most prominent tables, absorbing much of the attention, most of the glory, and none of the fatigue that should have been equally shared by all.

"Adios!" she gayly cried, as the "assembly" rang out, loud and clear, and waving their hands and raising their caps, the officers hastened to join their commands. "Adios, till we meet in Manila."

"Do you really think of going to the Philippines, Mrs. Garrison?" queried a much older looking, yet younger woman. "Why, we were told the general said that none of his staff would be allowed to take their wives."

"Yet there are others!" laughed Mrs. Garrison, waving a dainty handkerchief toward the troops now breaking into column of twos and slowly climbing the stage. "Who would want to go with that blessed old undercracker? Good-bye—bon voyage, George!" she cried, blowing a kiss to the lieutenant at the head of the second troop, a youth who blushed and looked confused at the attention thereby centered upon him and who would fain have shaken his fist, rather than waved the one unoccupied hand in perfunctory reply. "When I go I'll choose a ship with a band and broom decks, not any such cramped old canal boat as the Portland."

"Oh! I thought perhaps your husband," began the lady, dubiously, but with a significant glance at the silent faces about her. "Who? Frank Garrison? Heavens! I haven't known what it was to have a husband—since that poor dear boy went on staff duty," promptly answered the diminutive center of attraction, a merry peal of laughter ringing under the dingy archway of the long, long roof. "Why, the Portland has only one stateroom in it big enough for a bandbox, and of course the general has to have that, and there isn't a deck where one couple could turn a slow waltz. No, indeed! wait for the next flotilla, when our fellows go, hands and all. Then we'll see."

"But surely, Mrs. Garrison, we are told the war department has positively forbidden officers' wives from going on the transports"—again began her interrogator, a wistful look in her tired eyes. "I know I'd give anything to join Mr. Dutton."

"The war department has to take orders quite as often as it gives them, Mrs. Dutton. The thing is to know how, to be of the order giving side. Oh, joy!" she suddenly cried. "Here are the Primes and Amy Lawrence—then the regiments must be coming! And there's Stanley Armstrong!"

Far up the westward street the distant roar of voices mingled with the swing and rhythm and crash of martial music. Dock policemen and soldiers on guard began boring a wide lane through the throng of people on the pier. A huge black transport ship lay moored along the opposite side to that on which the guns and troops were embarked, and for hours bales, boxes and barrels had been swallowed up and stored in her capacious depths until now, over against the tables of the Red Cross, there lay behind a rope barrier, tant stretched and guarded by a line of sentries, an open space close under the side of the greater steamer and between the two landing stages, placed fore and aft. By this time the north side of the broad pier was littered with the inevitable piles of open air lumbering, and though busy hands had been at work and the tables had been cleared, and fresh white cloths were spread and everything on the tables began again to look fair and inviting, the good fairies themselves looked askance at their bestrewn surroundings. "Oh, if we could only move everything bodily over to the other side," wailed Madam President, as from her perch on a stack of Red Cross boxes she surveyed that coveted stretch of clean, unhampered flooring.

"And why not?" chirped Mrs. Garrison, from a similar perch tier or two higher. "There are men enough to move mountains. All we have to do is to say the word."

"Ah, but it isn't!" replied the other, gazing wistfully about over the throng of faces, as though in search of some one sufficient in rank and authority to serve her purpose. "We plead in vain with the officer-of-the-guard. He says

his orders are imperative—to allow no one to intrude on that space," and madam looked as though she would rather look anywhere than at the animated spirit above her.

"What nonsense!" shrieked Mrs. Garrison. "Here, Cherry," she called to a pretty girl, standing near the base of the pile, "give me my bag. I'm a woman enough to know that order referred only to the street crowd that sometimes works in on the pier and steals." The bag was duly passed up to her. She cast one swift glance over the heads of the crowd to where a handsome carriage was slowly working its way among the groups of prettily-dressed women and children—friends and relatives of members of the departing commands, in whose behalf, as though by special dispensation, the order excluding all but soldiers and the Red Cross had been modified. Already the lovely dark-eyed girl on the near side had waved her hand in greeting, responding to Mrs. Garrison's enthusiastic signals, but her companion, equally lovely, though of far different type, seemed preoccupied, perhaps unwilling to see, for her large, dark, thoughtful eyes were engaged with some object on the opposite side—not even with the distinguished looking soldier who sat facing her and talking quietly at the moment with Mr. Prime. There was a gleam of triumph in Mrs. Garrison's dancing eyes as she took out a flat notebook and pencil and dashed off a few lines in bold and vigorous strokes. Tearing out the page, she rapidly read it over, folded it and glanced imperiously about her. A cavalry sergeant, one of the home troop destined to remain at the Presidio, was leaning over the edge of the pier, hanging on to an iron ring and shouting some parting words to comrades on the upper deck, but her shrill soprano cut through the dull roar of deep, masculine voices and the tramp of feet on resounding woodwork.

"Sergeant!" she cried, with quick decision. "Take this over to the officer in command of that guard. Then bring a dozen men and move these two tables across the pier." The cavalryman glanced at the saucy little woman in the stunning costume, "look lo!" the gold crossed sabres, topped by a regimental number in brilliant colors that pinned her martial collar at the round, white throat, noted the ribbon and pin and badge of the Red Cross, and the symbol of the Eighth corps in red enamel and gold upon the breast of her jacket, and above all the ring of accustomed authority in her tone, and



"All by this stage! What?"

never hesitated a second. Springing to the pile of boxes he grasped the paper, respectfully raised his cap and bowed his stalwart way across the pier. In three minutes he was back—half a dozen soldiers at his heels.

"Where'd you have 'em, ma'am—nibs?" he asked, as the men grasped the supports and raised the nearest table.

"Straight across and well over to the edge," she answered, in the same crisp tones of command. Then, with total and instant change of manner, "I suppose your tables should go first, Madam President," she smilingly said. "It shall be as you wish about the others."

And the Red Cross was vanquished. "A declare!" said an energetic official, a moment later, leaning back on her throne of lemon boxes and fanning herself vigorously, "for a whole hour I've been trying to move that officer's heart and convince him the order didn't apply to us. Now how did she—do it?"

"The officer must be some old—some personal friend," hazarded the secretary, with a quick feminine comprehensive glance at the little lady now being lifted up to shake hands with the carriage folk, after being loaded with compliments and congratulations by the ladies of the two favored tables.

"Not at all," was the prompt reply. "He is a volunteer officer who never set eyes on me before to-day. I would like to know what was on that paper."

But now the roar of cheering and the blare of martial music had reached the very gateway. The broad portals were thrown open and in blue and brown, crushed and squeezed by the attendant throng, the head of the column of infantry came striding on to the pier. The band, wheeling to one side, stood at the entrance, playing them in, the rafters ringing to the stirring strains of "The Liberty Bell." They were still far down the long pier, the sloping rills just visible, dancing over the heads of the crowd. No time was to be lost. More tables were to be carried, but—who but that—"that little army woman" could give the order so that it would be obeyed. Not one bit did the president like to do it, but something had to be done to obtain the necessary order, for the soldiers who so willingly and promptly obeyed her beck and call were now edging away for a look at the newcomers, and Mrs. Frank Garrison, perched on the carriage step and chatting most vivaciously with its occupants and no longer concerning herself, apparently, about the Red Cross or its tables, had the gratification of finding herself approached quite as she had planned, by

two most prominent and distinguished women of San Francisco society, and requested to issue instructions as to the moving of the other tables. "Certainly, ladies," she responded, with charming smiles. "Just one minute, Mildred. Don't drive farther yet," and within that minute half a dozen boys in blue were lagging at the first of the tables still left on the crowded side of the dock, and others still were bearing oil stoves, urns and trays. In less time than it takes to tell it the entire Red Cross equipage was on its way across the pier, and when the commanding officer of the arriving regiment reached the spot which he had planned to occupy with his band, his staff and all his officers, there in state and ceremony to receive the citizens who came in swarms to bid them farewell, he found it occupied by as many as eight snappy, goodly-laden tables, presided over by as many as 80 charming maids and matrons, all ready and eager to comfort and revive the inveterate man of his mighty regiment with coffee and good cheer blintzable, and the colonel swore a mighty oath and pounced on his luckless officer of the guard. He had served as a subaltern twenty years in the old army, and knew how it was done.

"Isn't I give you personal and positive orders not to let anything or any body occupy this space after the baggage was got aboard, sir?" he demanded.

"You did, sir," said the unabashed lieutenant, pulling a folded paper from his belt, "and the Red Cross got word to the general and what the Red Cross says goes. Look at that!"

The colonel looked, read, looked, dashed, scratched his head and said: "Well, I'm damned!" Then he turned to his adjutant. "You were with me when I saw the general last night and he told me to put this guard on and keep this space clear. Now, what d'you say to that?"

The adjutant glanced over the penciled lines. "Well," said he, "if you suppose any order that discriminates against the Red Cross is going to hold good, once they find it out, you're bound to get left. They're feasting the first company now, sir, shall I have it stopped?" and there was a grin under the young soldier's mustache. The colonel paused one moment, shook his head and concluded he, too, would better grin and bear it. Taking the paper in his hand again he bent his head and beckoning hands in an open carriage near him, but the sight of Stanley Armstrong, signaling to him from another, farther away, had something dominant about it. "With you in a minute," he called to those who first had summoned him. "What is it, Armstrong?"

"I wish to present you to some friends of mine—Miss Lawrence—Mrs. Prime—Mr. Prime—my old associate, Col. Stewart—Parson me, Mrs. Garrison. I did not see you had returned." She had, and was once more perched upon the step. "Mrs. Garrison—Col. Stewart. What we need to know, Stewart, is this: Will all your men board the ship by this stage, or will some go aft?"

"All by this stage—why?"

But the colonel felt a somewhat massive hand crushing down on his arm and forebore to press the question. Armstrong let no pause ensue. He spoke, rapidly for him, bending forward, low, and speaking low; but even as she chattered and laughed, the little woman on the carriage step saw, even though she did not seem to look, heard, even though she did not seem to listen:

"An awkward thing has happened. The general's tent was robbed of important papers perhaps two days ago, and the guard-house rid of a most important prisoner last night. Canker has put the officer-of-the-guard in arrest. Remember good old Billy Gray who commanded us at Apache? This is Billy Junior, and I'm awfully sorry." Here the soft gray eyes glanced quickly at the anxious face of Miss Lawrence, who sat silently feigning interest in the chat between the others. The anxious look in her eyes gave way to sudden alarm at Armstrong's next words: "The prisoner must have had friends. He is among your men, disguised, and those two fellows at the stage are detectives." A low cry came from her lips, for Mrs. Garrison dropped at the instant and lay half under the wheels in a deathlike swoon upon the dock.

[To Be Continued.]

**The Henson Why.**  
A gentleman was riding on one of the coaches in the Trossachs of Scotland, when the driver said to him: "I've had a coin give me to-day 200 years old. Did you ever see a coin 200 years old?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I have one myself 2,000 years old."

"Ah," said the driver, "have ye?" And he spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver came up to the gentleman with an intensely self-satisfied air and said:

"I told you as we came along that I had a coin 200 years old."

"Yes," said he.

"Now, you be a liar!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? Why—it's only 1859 now!"—London Answers.

## From Washington

How a Little Boy Was Saved.

Washington, D. C.—"When our boy was about 16 months old he broke out with a rash which was thought to be measles. In a few days he had a swelling on the left side of his neck and it was decided to let him be bled. He was given medical attendance for about three weeks when the doctor said it was scarlet fever and ordered a salve. He wanted to lance the sore, but I would not let him, and continued giving him medicine for about four months, when the lunge broke in two places and became a running sore. Three doctors said it was scarlet fever, and each ordered a blood medicine. A neighbor told me of a case somewhat like our baby's which was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I decided to give it to my boy and in a short while his health improved and his neck healed so nicely that I stopped giving him the medicine. The sore broke out again, however, whereupon I again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and his persistent use has accomplished a complete cure." Mrs. NETTIE CHASE, 47 K St., N. E.

**One of Glen McDougall's Jokes.**  
In one of his latest jokes, McDougall had written two or three lines to be spoken by a chorus girl. The lines were given to a green, leavy amateur, who looked new and would do. At the rehearsal the girl made her way to McDougall, who held the book, and said: "Mr. McDougall, I have a question to ask you and one in the third. Could you write me one for the second act, too?" McDougall, though a little startled, looked at the girl and said: "Yes, in the second act, come in and say: 'There is the ham.'"

"Oh, do I bring the ham on with me?" "No, my dear, it is not a speech, it is a confession." —Chicago Tribune.

**To California Quickly and Comfortably.**  
Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Lines. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily at 9:30 P. M. arrives San Francisco the afternoon of third day, and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars. At noon on dining cars. Buffet, smoking and library cars, with bar. "The best of everything." "The Pa. Pac. Express" leaves Chicago daily 10:30 P. M. with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western P. Co. For full information see illustrated pamphlet apply to W. H. Keesler, 22 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Truly, does your ladyship, what regale lady?" No, the woman had regaled us, and we were just when we were in a big way. —Chicago Tribune.

## Happy Women

who have been relieved of painful menstruation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are constantly writing grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cured them. It always relieves painful periods and no woman who suffers should be without this knowledge.

Nearly all the ills of women result from some derangement of the female organism. Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine makes women healthy; of this there is overwhelming proof.

Don't experiment. If you suffer get this medicine and get Mrs. Pinkham's free advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

## PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CANDY CATHARTIC and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Candy Cathartic I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot say too highly of Candy Cathartic." FRED WATMAN, 6709 Hornetown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Gripe, Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 25c. 50c. ... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Endorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and picture stamped on bottom. Take no substitute. Do not let anyone else put on your feet. You dealer should keep them—if not, we will send a pair (with receipt of price and tag) extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width you can use. Cat. free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

**Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup** Positively cures coughs, colds in the chest or lungs and in all cases is reliable. It is a perfect cure for whooping cough, croup, etc.



## Virginia Sketches.

By A. SOLOJOURNER.

(Continued from last week.)

Farming in the Clinch Valley is profitable compared with the price of land which ranges from ten to thirty-five dollars per acre. The farmers are generally prosperous. Although they do not have a convenient market, cattle raising brings in the most ready money. They are too far from corn and wheat markets to raise more of those cereals than they need for home use. They generally raise one crop of corn and then sow wheat or winter oats. The latter is sown in September and seldom fails to make a good crop. After wheat or oats they sow clover. By this rotation of crops they are improving their lands. Where the inclined strata of limestone crops out, and on the very steep land, they secure a set of blue grass for permanent pastures, and some of these pastures are excellent. In some fields where one fourth of the surface is rock, the pasture excels much of the pasture in the famed blue grass regions of our state. On many of the fields there are large quantities of hornstone, the remains of vast coral reefs. Many of the farmers pick and haul this stone from the land, piling it along the highways or dump it into sink holes. Sometimes they build it into great piles as large as a house and as high as they can throw it from a wagon. The have to pick the stone after three plowings to get all of it removed. This is a very laborious task, for on some of the land the stone lies so thick it entirely hides the earth. On some fields where the stone had not been picked, I have seen a good stand of wheat which had been sown after the first crop of corn where I could not see a particle of earth. In such places the stone was small. The farms are rather small, seldom exceeding one hundred acres and often much less than that. Some men are raising their families on twenty-five acres and living well. One old man was making a good living on seventeen acres of ordinary land. The farmers have fine large horses that work well anywhere, and are excellent saddle horses. They keep a large stock of cattle. Six hundred were shipped from that valley to Illinois last fall to be grass-fed for market.

The people are very sociable always asking you to come if they see you a dozen times a day. Indeed this has become a habit which sometimes borders on the ludicrous. I once met a man at a creek-crossing and when we had watered our horses, he asked me to go up the creek with him. I met a boy on the road and after talking with him a few minutes, he asked me to go to mill with him. If you enter the house of a friend hours after meal time they will ask you to eat. Indeed it would be considered a great lack of hospitality if they should enter your home at 2 P. M. and you should fail to ask them if they had been to dinner. When they visit over night they often sit up till midnight talking, knitting, eating apples, or chewing tobacco.

The women are real helpmates generally, but sometimes it is the man who is the helpmate. The farmers' wives raise chickens, beans, potatoes, and onions. They milk the cows, churn the butter, help tend the garden and corn, take the produce of their own raising to market, furnish the family with groceries and sometimes almost clothe the family in that way. There is a great dearth of money in that section and most of it is only exchanged in cattle trading. So of necessity the farm productions must be exchanged at the store for goods. The women think nothing of tying a half dozen or more chickens together; hanging them across the saddle, mount, take a bucket of butter to the store to trade for goods. And they always keep posted as to where they can get the best price for produce and where they can buy goods the cheapest.

The schools of that section compare favorably with our own. The teachers' wages are about the same. Some of the teachers use the rules on the children's palms when they fail to get their lessons. They have good school-houses and most of them are three-story. The pigs or sheep occupy the basement, the school children the first story, and the bats and wasps the attic.

In religion the people are largely Baptist New and Old or Missionary, and anti-dogmatic theology is more common than ethics; theological discussions more in vogue than Sabbath Schools. Yet the morality of the people is rather above the average morality of the south. The people are beginning to desire a better state of affairs than now exists and the general trend of life is above and beyond the past.

## Owsley County.

## Buck Creek.

Sara Everett, of Mt. Sterling, was here last week and bought a pair of mules of the Peters, on Sturgeon Creek.

Thos. Breeding, of Booneville, and Miss Dovie Isaacs, of this place were married on Saturday the 25th.

Mrs. Verna Peters, wife of John Peters, died at her home on Little Sturgeon. The cause of her death was consumption.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hall on the 20th, a girl; to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mainous on the 27th, a boy; to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Garret, a fine boy.

## Washington County.

## Springfield.

Mrs. Francis Baker has moved into her new residence in Janestown.

J. I. Short, of Harrodsburg, passed through here this week, enroute to Bardstown.

Bishop C. T. Peddy is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks while in town.

The groceries are still multiplying. There is great competition at present, since the Blue Grass grocery has started.

The S. M. T. Lodge met yesterday at 2:30 and the U. B. F. met at 7:30 P. M. to transact business under the Deputy Master, White, from Lebanon.

## Clay County.

## Bright Shade.

Miss Bell Sizemore is very ill. The little child of Thos. Smith is ill.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eversole were here Sunday.

H. P. Smith had a large log rolling Friday.

S. L. Wagers went to Manchester Thursday.

Simon B. Delph, of Pineville, was here recently.

Mrs. Martha Green has come to spend a week with her parents.

Mrs. James Smith visited friends at Martin Creek Thursday of last week.

Rev. Nora Smith preached at Cadis Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith visited friends on Otter Creek recently.

Arthur Sizemore has gone back to Berea, after visiting his parents at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smallwood spent a few days here visiting recently.

Married, last Thursday, Mr. John Helton and Miss Eliza Asher, both are of Spring Creek.

Miss Mollie Walkes is with her father who is in Louisville this week buying his spring stock of goods.

Miss Lucy Smith has returned to her home from Martin's Creek, where she has been attending school the past winter.

Some readers of the Citizen may be interested to know that J. T. Miles of this place will be married ere the June flowers bloom.

Misses Nellie and Mary Sizemore visited Misses Mollie and Lottie Swafford at their home, near Manchester, Saturday and Sunday.

## Estill County.

## Locust Branch.

Mrs. James Bicknell is no better.

Boin-Gentry's wife is very poorly. Allen Kindred left last Friday for Illinois.

Miss Sallie Kindred has the measles.

Charley Coffee and wife have separated.

Floyd Kidd passed through here last week.

Miss Paulina Kindred is very sick with fever.

Henry Nell, of Panola, died last Wednesday.

J. A. Bicknell's family is affected with the measles.

Bill Robles hired to J. M. Kindred for the summer.

John Simmons is very ill with the measles.

Marsh Kindred's folks have the measles.

Elby Bicknell called on his best girl Sunday.

Allen Powell's little girl was badly burnt recently.

Charley Bicknell visited his uncle Lilner Birknell Sunday.

Mrs. Manery Gentry's daughter was married last week.

Charley Wager lost one of his children with the measles.

Miss Alice Revis visited Miss Marnerva Bicknell last Friday.

Erby Bicknell went to his uncle James Bicknell to work this spring.

James Combs was the guest of Ennis Combs last Thursday night.

J. M. Kindred bought 200 sheaves of oats of Godfrey Isaacs at \$2 a hundred.

Mrs. Amanda Powell is visiting her grandma Mrs. Sallie Ann Kindred this week.

Hiram Bicknell came near being shot by a shot gun going off unexpectedly.

Mrs. Sallie A. Kindred was the guest of John Kindred and family last week.

James Bruce and wife will return home after a two weeks visit with their daughters.

Hiram Rose had two children burnt nearly to death, and their recovery is doubtful.

The new Post Office at Jink's on Red Lick, is ready for use, with W. L. Harrison as Post Master.

## Jackson County.

## Clover Bottom.

Mrs. Jas. Clark's baby is ill.

Mrs. W. J. Dougherty has been ill for some time, but is recovering.

D. M. Click has just returned from Drip Rock.

Mrs. T. J. Coyle and daughter went to McKee last week.

J. D. Hatfield went to Berea Monday to take his daughter there to attend school.

Uncle Billy Ballard visited his daughter, Mrs. W. J. Dougherty, last week.

The writer was delighted with a visit by Miss Lon Hatfield recently.

Chas. Jones spent Saturday afternoon with Chas. Click.

Miss Ethel Jones called on Miss Nora Click, Tuesday.

Several persons at Indian Creek and surrounding community have died of measles.

## Drip Rock.

After a long silence your correspondent will write again.

T. J. Coyle, our County Judge, passed through to day on his way to McKee.

L. R. Ballard, of Clover Bottom, is at the home of the writer at this time.

Most everybody is busy now gardening and out sowing.

Mrs. D. F. Parsons, of West Union, visited relatives here this week.

R. L. Thomas and J. W. Fowler will, in a few days go to Leslie county to measure logs.

Capt. Thomas is having three diam built in South Fork Creek.

J. E. Parsons is helping H. H. Fowler make staves.

W. R. Lynch recently purchased the stock of goods belonging to J. M. Thomas, of Ford, and has added a nice line of groceries. This makes twelve stores of which not one is more than six miles from Drip Rock P. O.

## Evergreen.

Everybody is preparing for plowing and fencing.

Mrs. Mary Belle Rose, the wife of Mick Rose had her arm broken.

Bradley Lake says he is going to school at Berea next fall and winter.

John W. Lake has been very sick with sore throat, but is improving.

Franklin Marcum is getting along fine selling goods. Everybody thinks Mr. Marcum is selling goods cheap enough.

Miss Minnie Ballard, of this vicinity, was married last week to Patrick Bleaks, of Livingston.

Green Lake, Thomas Jones, and Mand Lake were the guests of Dinks and Kate Lake Sunday March 24th.

Mrs. Fannie Jones and family have been very sick with Grip, but are slowly improving.

Willie Anyx has returned from Annville, where he has been going to school.

## Madison County.

Wattaceton.

Mrs. Tom Soper is able to be out again.

Mr. A. F. Caldwell has gone to the mountains on business.

Miss Fannie Boian is visiting her aunt, Margaret Parks.

Mrs. E. B. Wallace who has been ill for some time is improving.

Kate Wylie will spend a few days with her aunt, Ellen Ballard.

Mrs. G. A. Ballard and little daughter, Annie, visited Mrs. T. I. Ballard.

On last Friday week, Mrs. T. S. Ballard dropped a heavy stone jar on her finger and mangled the end of it off causing severe pain.

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

## THE HOME.

Edited by Mrs. KATE C. PUTNAM, teacher in Berea College.

## Parkhurst Epigrams.

In a paper for young men in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dr. Parkhurst gave brilliant emphasis to his text, "The Stuff That Makes Young Manhood," by the frequent employment of forcible epigrams:

Putting a buttercup to school will not graduate it a butterfly, even if it is a very good school. Its only wholesome ambition will be to be as good as it can as a buttercup.

I have watched a good many brooding hens, but I never saw one facilitate the hatching process by pecking the shell. The chick on the inside will get out if he is worth it.

More men are injured by having things made easy for them than by having their path beset with difficulties, for it encourages them to stay themselves on circumstances, whereas their supreme reliance needs to be on their own personal stuff.

Young men are constantly worrying lest they be failures and nonentities.

Every man will count for all he is worth.

There is as much science of success as there is science of hydraulics.

The less a young man talks about luck and untowardness of circumstances, and the coquettishness of popular favor, and the like, the better for him and for the world to which he owes himself.

Every man will have all the power he earns, and the power that he has will tell, not because people like it or him, but because it is power.

Personal pressure can no more be hooted down, or voted down, or argued out of existence, than can the push of the wind or the pull of the moon.

If you weigh a ton, you will exert a ton's pressure.

There is, probably, such a thing as genius, although ninety-nine hundredths of it is doubtless the name which lazy people give to results which others have earned by hard work in those hours when the lazy people themselves were either sleeping or wishing they could gain it with out toiling for it.

There is faculty enough in almost anybody to become genius, if only all that faculty were lumped.

We are more likely to find a good destiny by going afoot than by riding.

The world cares very little for experts, and the course of events is only infinitesimally determined by them.

The man whose entire capital is one of enthusiasm will be conspicuous for his abundance of toreb, at the same time lacking the timber which the toreb exists primarily to enkindle.

Sowing still antedates reaping, and the amount sowed determines pretty closely the size of the harvest.

Empty barns in October are the logical sequence of empty furrows in spring. The young man may as well understand that there are no gratuities in this life, and that success is never reached "across lots."

## THE SCHOOL.

Edited by Mrs. EDNA H. YOUNG, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

## How to Keep up Good Heart.

Sidney Smith said once "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well." Said John Wesley, "I feel and grieve, but, by the grace of God—I fret at nothing."

For every evil under the sun there is a remedy, or there is none. If there be none, try and find it. If there be none, never mind it.

Writes Thomas Carlyle, "Wondrons is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation is its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beauteous because bright."

## Longfellow sings:

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above. The awakening contents from shore to shore. Somewhere the birds are singing ever more.

Robert Southey says, "I have told you of the man who always puts on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes from my troubles, I pack them in as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

One of the sunnies men I ever knew was Mr. Spurgeon. He was one of the most thankful men I ever knew. He was perpetually praising God. And he was, as perpetually, thankfully finding reasons for praising God.

Well, be thankful for the goodness you can discover in others, and so be sure everything is not going to the bad, and so keep up good heart. That was the apostle's way.

Those Christians to whom he wrote his Epistles and for whom he was so thankful were by no means perfect people. They were quarrelsome, stumbling people rather, with much of the smatch of their old heathenism still upon them. That the apostle sought out and praised God for

Said a good deacon once to me, getting his figure from his trade of carpenter, "There are a good many crooked Christians in the church but they make excellent timber for braces." Be thankful on the hunt for the good in others, as the apostle was, and you shall find yourself getting into his mood of unwavering cheer.

Do not stand longing for, or go skylarking after, some big chance for service. Look for the usual common chance right next you; thankfully use that, and your own heart shall win gladness and uplifting. I saw a girl's face beaming just now as she was preparing to carry good dinners to some worthy poor people.

Be thankful for trouble even. Trouble has its remedial side. If you look for it you shall find it. For its benignance thank God, and, like Mongo Park gathering courage from the small flower which he saw daring to bloom among the desert sands, you will discover that even trouble has nutriment for high heart and strong.

## THE FARM.

How to Treat Timber Lot. Abstract of Ernest Remondet's Address at Farmer's Institute at Delavan, Wis. (Continued from last week.)

Now a word about underbrush. Too much of this in a wood lot is a nuisance, because it keeps the valuable trees from growing. A few-off hours spent in removing it may therefore be worth while, in many cases. But be careful about going to excess in this. In the first place, it helps to shade the ground, and should therefore never be cut in places where the crowns of the trees are too far apart. In the second place, never remove the underbrush from the outer margin of your lot, especially towards the side of the prevailing wind. The reason is that a belt of underbrush keeps the wind from blowing between the trunks of the trees and thereby aiding evaporation and drying of soil.

By observing these few simple rules a wood lot can be maintained in a reasonably good condition. But that is only one-half of the problem. As we do not keep our wood lots to look at, like a park, but in order to cut wood year after year, we must see to it that a new tree grows in the place of every one we chop down. That is the second part of our task.

Here we get into a conflict with the rule we have just laid down to keep the ground densely shaded as possible. The same dense cover which prevents grass from growing also keeps the tree seeds from sprouting. All tree seeds are not affected by this law in the same degree. For instance hard maple or beech can stand a considerable amount of shading. They are what the foresters call "tolerant" species. The various oaks can bear very little of it. They belong to the "intolerant" or "light demanding" kinds. But even the tolerant trees do not flourish profitably under the dense shade of their elders. So there is no way out of it but to make a compromise between the needs of the seedling and the requirements of soil preservation. To do this, several ways are possible.

The simplest, but also least satisfactory way is to trust to luck that wherever you cut down one of the old and large trees, sufficient light will be admitted to allow the seeds falling from the neighboring trees to sprout. There are various reasons which make this method of little value, but there is one in particular which prohibits the average farmer from adopting it with any hope of success. This reason is that in nine cases out of ten one of the principal uses of the wood lot is to let the cattle run in it when the regular pastures are getting too dry. Now you cannot expect tree seedlings to grow where horses and cattle, and still less where the sheep go. These animals not only bite off the tender young shoots but they trample down what they do not eat. Consequently, if you make a little opening here and there, throughout your forest, and expect to have your new trees grow up in these patches, you are sure to be disappointed. You will simply make an extra dainty nibble for some gluttonous cow.

(To be continued.)

## BEREA COLLEGE

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For those NOT sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

- I. Trade Schools: Carpentry, Housework, Printing, two years.
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For those sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

- III. Farming and Agriculture, gardening, stock raising, forestry, etc., two years.
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The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations. For information or friendly advice address the Vice-President.

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, LL. D., Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

## Richmond.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Langford a girl of which they are very proud.

Mr. Corner, a student of Berea College, spent a few hours with D. F. White last week as he passed through the city on his way home.

The Night Normal School conducted by Prof. Reynolds is being well attended by both city and county teachers.

Hon. James B. McCrary has just returned from Frankfort and is being interviewed by political friends, on every street corner.

Mr. Culton who has been to Frankfort in conference with his son W. H. Culton has returned. He states that the innocence of his son will be easily established at the right time.

## A Sunday Evening Literary Society

is to be organized at the A. M. E. church for the benefit of the young people of the town.

It is reported that a suit has been filed by Mr. Dillingham against the Richmond Land Co. involving \$50,000. The property in question takes in that part of Richmond known as the "Dillingham Edition." If the decision is given in favor of Mr. Dillingham a hundred and fifty people will lose their homes.

## Peytontown.

R. L. Potts, in connection with his stock of general merchandise, has opened up a coal yard which has been a God-send to the people of this place. Pap Harris is general manager.

Rev. I. Miller has just returned from Somerset, where he has been preaching for Rev. W. D. Knox, of that place.

Perry Mundy has opened up his store again since the smallpox has died out, his store having been closed on account of the much dreaded disease.

The barber shop of J. C. Burnam, which has been connected with the store of Munday & Rice, has been opened by D. D. White.

Pap Harris has succeeded in getting a station and post-office here both of which are a great convenience to the surrounding community, and everybody says—Hurrah for Pap.

A good listener is sometimes the most pleasing conversationalist.